

Son Of Ran & Memphis Reigns - Cali To Japan Lyrics

Artist: [Son Of Ran & Memphis Reigns](#)

Album: [Textual Harassment](#)

Genre: [Hip Hop/Rap](#)

[Son Of Ran:]

Ayyo, Memphis Reigns guess what?

[Memphis Reigns:]

Wassup man?

[Son Of Ran:]

One time I hit up a chyper session and it was crazy hype.

Guess why?

[Memphis Reigns:]

Why man? Lemme know, Lemme know

[Son Of Ran:]

Because they had the Son Of Ran in the center,

May the force be yours if you plan to enter.

Let your man remember.

I disconnect your fate when I wreck the plate.

Decorator rhymes like the face of the Kiss band members.

I expand the circle so that you can flip a verse too.

If you don't know me by know, then here's the first clue:

My imagination could be trace to Orion's Belt,

Samurais melt when they touch what I felt.

And I dwell to kick flows

Strike your minded.

The cells of my brain stay crowded like Re? Islands.

I lock my grip when I'm on the mic.

Again clamming that your sick son here's a vitamin.

Hydrogen is what I breath out of my left lung.

Death hung around for a second just to hear how I sound when I wrecking over beats I flow.

Yes the verbal form of Jeet-Kune-Do...

Cause I intercept the fist of a swift terrorist,

Never miss...

[?]

See a therapist.

On chairs I sit and continue to rock journals.

Stay up in the nocturnal...

Memphis Reigns can you rock the sound from Cali To Japan son, Lock it down.

[Memphis Reigns:]

Yo, yo

Yo, Yo

Guess who's back in this motherfucking house?
Son Of Ran summing Memphis Reigns for this bow.
Shape-Shift through tapes.
I ride waves as I tame em.
Scandinavian viking,
I'm throwing lightning when I'm rhyming.
Watch the witch doctor yell,
Cast spells,
I transform to a fire breathing dragon
Ranson riding his Mal-companion.
El capitan spitting a undetected caliber,
Angle, vector light when you swinging the sword Excalibur
Poisonous venom from a tarantula,
I'm attaching the fangs that hang from [?] of my esophagus.
Incredible
Echo sensory
Lyrical pedigree for the graphical memory
To advance for this century...

Buyaka, I take life's no matter who you are
My style kill a bull like raging on Draculas?

[Son Of Ran:]
From the vision of my third words fly by in a circular patter like the rings around Saturn.
I catch everyone of them before they turn to vapor.
Live by the lyricism
Die by the paper.
I rather be secluded in a room with a pen and pad,
Then they give a jab like (Felix) Lix Trinidad.
In the mix I'm a stab every track in it's back,
Using elements taken from my chemistry lab.
Your mind goes mad as I explain my sentence...
Dance around the fire, let it Reign like Memphis.
Comprehend this and watch me run your clan.
Never look directly at the Son Of Ran.

Ranson can you rock the sound from Cali to Japan son, lock it down.
Memphis Reigns can you rock the sound from Cali to Japan son, lock it down.

[Memphis Reigns:]
Yo, Me and Ranson spit rhymes like acid rain.
Breath control of a whirlwind.
Spinning, swirling
And twirling like Marlins wand.
[?]
Sacrifice mics like chest palm.
We get it on from dusk till dawn.
Ten strong...
You best be ready...
Bombing words just like confetti
I'm deadly when on your track like Mister Mario Andretti.
Rhyming heavily under Hennessy.

Steadily telling me why I'm helplessly planning your destiny in Ecstasy.

Remain higher,

Fighting ten rounds with continuous pounds of my nouns.

In Santa Cruz I hold it down,

With the wisdom's of my written's, I'm spitting upon this song.

Watch the mute circle up grab hands and sing along...

Call the doctor cause I'm always sick whenever I'm on stage.

I make the armless people stand get up and do the wave.

Miss behave, break your shoulder blades.

Stab it trough your rib cage.

Enraged, when I stab brains, like Phineas Gage.

Biologically try to study me,

The master.

It's like doing calculus with a navigate situation...

Mad Disastrous...

Mas Disastrous...

Yo, Yo

Can you rock the sound from Cali to Japan son, lock it down. [x2]

[Fade away]